THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, November 16, 1807.

Political Remarks on the present State of Europe.

[From a new Pamphlet, entitled "The Crisis."

THE continent having been subdued, less, however, by the arms of its oppressor than by the folly and corruption of its governments, and the pusillanimity or indifference of its people, it becomes a question of the highest moment to the welfare and safety of this empire, speedily to determine on the mode of policy, which it is expedient to adopt, in consequence of this melancholy alteration in human affairs. The causes of those complicated and unparalleled misfortunes which have befallen the European states, and have placed them entirely at the disposal of a vindictive and merciless despot, are sufficiently apparent. They may be plainly traced in their own acts; in the irrational jealousies by which they have been domineered, and the unmanly fears by which they have been appalled.

What the French have gained in the field has been chiefly from the quickness of their movements. In every enterprize they have always been before-hand with their opponents. Even the desperation with which they have embarked has often been the instrument of triumph. Sunk in indolence, indifferent to consequences, terrified by imaginary fears, no firmness or constancy, or activity of spirit, has any where displayed itself, capable of repelling their bold assaults; and the mere audaciousness of their demands has, in many instances, extorted compliance.

There are, strictly speaking, but two independent nations left; and those who are not our friends must be at present, or must speedily become, our enemies.

The well-concerted expedition against the Danes, which has had so brilliant a termination, augurs well. The whole conduct and execution of this important affair have been truly illustrative of the virtues of the British character. Throughout the operations both of our army and our fleet, generosity accompanied firmness, and courage was tempered by humanity. Nothing was done but what was absolutely necessary for the attainment of our object; nor was a shot fired 'till every effort at negociation had failed. Nor was the moment of victory sullied by any of those excesses which are so frequently committed by an elated soldiery. The severest discipline was in all quarters maintained. Persons and property were equally respected. Even the feelings of the inhabitants were spared, and the exultation of success gave way to the esteem which was due to their bravery, and the compassion which was excited by their misfortunes. What a contrast to the capture of a besieged town by the French army! The seizure of the Danish marine is a masterly stroke of political sagacity. Indeed, the entire transaction reflects infinite credit on the present administration.

As the circumstances which led to the determination of our cabinet are now unfolded, we can fairly pronounce judgment on its merits; and we must allow that it exhibits one of the most dexterous strokes of political address that was ever attempted.

Bonaparte has at last completely over-reached the three once formidable continental states, Russia, Austria, and Prussia; and now that he has strengthened his position, and weakened their's, he is again provoking a rupture. Cattaro and the Seven Islands have been ceded to him by Russia; Trieste and Fiume he has taken from Austria, by force; Prussia has lost half her territories, after an inglorious war. We thus find that Prusssia is prostrate; Austria is trembling for her safety; and if Russia now renew hostilities, her capital may possibly be captured, and every province of her empire may become a prey to the horrors of revolutionary destruction. Let us profit, whilst there is yet time, by these dreadful examples!

Singular Adventure of a British Soldier, in a Campaign in America.

IN the year 1779, when the war with America was conducted with great spirit upon that continent, a division of the British army was encamped on the banks of a river, and in a position so favoured by nature, that it was difficult for any military art to surprise it. War in America was rather a species

cies of hunting than a regular campaign. "If you fight with art," said Washington to the soldiers, "you are sure to be defeated. Acquire discipline enough for concert, and the uniformity of combined attack, and your country will prove the best of the engineers." So true was this maxim of the American general, that the English soldiers had to contend with little else. The Americans had incorporated the Indians into their ranks, and had made them useful in a species of war to which their habits of life had peculiarly fitted them. They sallied out of their impenetrable forests and jungles, and, with their arrows and tomahawks, committed daily waste upon the British army, surprising their centinels, cutting off their stragglers, and even when the alarm was given, and pursuit commenced, they fled with a swiftness that the speed of cavalry could not overtake, into rocks and fastnesses whether it was dangerous to follow them.

In order to limit as far as possible this species of war in which there was so much loss and so little honour, it was the custom with every regiment to extend its out-posts to a great distance beyond the encampments; to station centinels some miles in the woods, and keep a constant guard round the main body.

A regiment of foot was, at this time, stationed upon the confines of the boundless Savannah. Its particular office was to guard every avenue of approach to the main body; the centinels, whose posts penetrated into the woods, were supplied from the ranks, and the service of this regiment was thus more hazardous than that of any other. Its loss was likewise great. The centinels were perpetually surprised upon their posts by the Indians, and, what was most astonishing, they were borne off their stations without communicating any alarm, or being heard of after.

Not a trace was left of the manner in which they had been conveyed away, except that, upon one or two occasions, a few drops of blood had appeared upon the leaves which covered the ground. Many imputed this unaccountable disappearance to treachery, and suggested, as an unanswerable argument, that the men thus surprised might at least have fired their muskets, and communicated the alarm to the contiguous posts. Others, however, who could not be brought to consider it as treachery, were content to receive it as a mystery which time would explain.

One morning, the centinels having been stationed as usual over night, the guard went at sun-rise to relieve a post which extended a considerable distance into the wood. The centinel was gone! The surprise was great; but the circumstance had occurred before. They left another man, and departed, wishing

him better luck. "You need not be afraid," said the man with warmth, "I shall not desert."

The relief-company returned to the guard-house.

The centinels were replaced every four hours, and, at the appointed time, the guard again marched to relieve the post. To their inexpressible astonishment, the man was gone! They searched round the post, but no traces could be found of his disappearance. It was necessary that the station, from a stronger motive than ever, should not remain unoccupied; they were compelled to leave another man, and returned, ruminating upon this strange circumstance, to the guard-house. The superstition of the soldiers was awakened, and the terror ran through the regiment. The colonel being apprised of the occurrence, signified his intention to accompany the guard when they relieved the centinel they had left. At the appointed time, they all marched together; and again, to their unutterable wonder, they found the post vacant, and the man gone!

Under these circumstances, the colonel hesitated whether he should station a whole company here, or whether he should again submit the post to a single centinel. The cause of these repeated disappearances of men, whose courage and honesty were never suspected, must be discovered; and it seemed not likely that this discovery could be obtained by persisting in the old method. Three brave men were now lost to the regiment, and to assign the post to a fourth, seemed nothing less than giving him up to destruction. The poor fellow whose turn it was to take the station, though a man in other respects of incomparable resolution, trembled from head to foot. "I must do my duty," said he to the officer, "I know that; but I should like to lose my life with more credit."

"I will leave no man," said the colonel, "against his will."

A man immediately stepped from the ranks, and desired to take the post. Every mouth commended his resolution. "I will not be taken alive," said he, "and you shall hear of me on the least alarm. At all events I will fire my piece if I hear the least noise. If a crow chatters, or a leaf falls, you shall hear my musket. You may be alarmed when nothing is the matter; but you must take the chance of that, as the condition of my making the discovery."

The colonel applauded his courage, and told him he would be right to fire upon the least noise which was ambiguous. His comrades shook hands with him, and left him with a melancholy foreboding. The company marched back, and waited the event in the guard-house with the most anxious curiosity.

An hour had elapsed, and every ear was upon the rack for the discharge of the musket, when, upon a sudden, the report

was

was heard. The guard immediately marched, accompanied, as before, by the colonel, and some of the most experienced officers of the regiment. As they approached the post, they saw the man advancing towards them, dragging another man on the ground by the hair of his head. When they came up to him, it appeared to be an Indian whom he had shot. An explanation was immediately required. "I told your honour," said the man, "that I should fire if I heard the least noise. The resolution I had taken has saved my life, and led to the discovery. I had not been long on my post, when I heard a rustling at some short distance; I looked, and saw an American hog, such as are common in the woods, crawling along the ground, and seemingly looking for nuts under the trees, and amongst the leaves. As these animals are so very common, I ceased to consider it for some minutes; but being on the constant alarm and expectation of attack, and scarcely knowing what was to be considered a real cause of apprehension, or what was not, I kept my eyes vigilantly fixed upon it, and marked its progress among the trees; still there was no need to give the alarm, and my thoughts were, notwithstanding, directed to danger from another quarter. It struck me, however, as somewhat singular, to see this animal making, by a circuitous passage, for a thick coppice, immediately behind my post. I therefore kept my eye more constantly fixed upon it, and as it was now within a few yards of the coppice, hesitated whether I should not fire. My comrades, thought I, will laugh at me for alarming them by shooting a pig! I had almost resolved to let it alone, when, just as it approached the thicket, I thought I observed it give an unusual spring. I no longer hesitated: I took my aim, discharged my piece, and the animal was instantly stretched before me with a groan which I conceived to be that of a human creature. I went up to it, and judge my astonishment, when I found that I had killed an Indian! He had enveloped himself with the skin of one of these wild hogs so artfully and completely, his hands and feet were so entirely concealed in it, and his gait and appearance were so exactly correspondent to that of the animal's, that, imperfectly as they were always seen through the trees and jungles, the disguise could not be penetrated at a distance, and scarcely discovered upon the nearest aspect. He was armed with a dagger and a tomahawk."

Such was the substance of this man's relation. The cause of the disappearance of the other centinels was now apparent. The Indians, sheltered in this disguise, secreted themselves in the coppice; watched the moment when they could throw it off; burst upon the centinels without previous alarm, and, too quick to give them an opportunity to discharge their pieces, either stabbed or scalped them, and bore their bodies away,

which

which they concealed at some distance in the leaves. The Americans gave them rewards for every scalp of an enemy which they brought. Whatever circumstances of wonder may appear in the present relation, there are many now alive who can attest its authenticity.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 10.

To Annabella.

I Promised my Annabella the history of Rhinaldo, whose real name is Piere Hochfeld; as a prelude to which, I must first speak of the former possessors of Montalbon Castle. This ancient mansion was the property of Sir Edward Montalbon, a man of great wealth, and unbounded benevolence. His wife, whom he loved to excess, died shortly after the birth of her first child, and Sir Edward, in all human probability, would have soon followed her, had not the dread of leaving his infant daughter helpless and unprotected, stimulated him to action, and aroused all his dormant philosophy. As this blossom of beauty (the innocent Leonora) increased in stature, the resemblance to her deceased parent became striking in the extreme, and she was, of course, doated on by her father with enthusiastic fondness; but before she attained her fifteenth year the delicacy of her constitution alarmed all his parental fears, and by the advice of his physician he immediately made an excursion to the south of France; leaving the care of the castle to two old domestics, whose long and faithful services had merited his confidence. The mildness of the climate soon effected such a wonderful renovation in Leonora's constitution, that Sir Edward purchased a beautiful retired villa, on the border of an extensive lake, hoping that a few years residence there would establish a cure, so favourably commenced. In this romantic situation their days glided away in tranquillity, and every care was taken to render the education of Leonora as complete as possible. Music, painting, and poetry, were her favourite studies, in each of which she evinced such premature skill as would evidently lead to perfection.

About this time Piere Hochfeld, whose robberies and murders in Germany had excited such a general consternation, that immense rewards were offered for his apprehension, finding himself no longer capable of pursuing his depredations in safety, resolved to quit that country with three of his most faithful associates, in order to establish in France a fresh banditti. With this resolution, they disguised themselves as beggars,

gars, and sallied forth in pursuit of prey. On their arrival in France, after committing so many petty thefts and robberies as to make themselves notorious, they found it expedient to their safety, to establish some secure retreat either in the forests or mountains. Having explored the most unfrequented and intricate parts of the country, they at last fixed on the forest of the Black Mountain, in the centre of which they exerted their utmost strength and ingenuity in forming an extensive cavern. The western border of this forest ran down to the very waters of the lake, that extended its calm surface before Sir Edward's villa, and where Leonora frequently amused herself by angling. In these short excursions she was generally attended by Charles La Roche, the son of a neighbouring clergyman; a young man whose great abilities were only excelled by his virtue and humility.

One charming summer evening, as Charles and Leonora were engaged in their favourite amusement, a lame beggar approached them, and, with a look of extreme distress, solicited their bounty. With hearts alive to the tender emotions of pity, they did not hesitate to relieve the unfortunate petitioner, and begged him to go to the villa, where they would soon follow, in order to give him a good meal before he proceeded in his pilgrimage of wretchedness. The beggar expressed his gratitude, and cheerfully obeyed. Luckless Leonora! little did you imagine, that this pretended cripple was no other than the terrible, the savage Hochfeld. On their return to the villa they found the object of their compassion conversing with the servants, and expressing an eager desire to know to whom he was indebted for his liberal benefactions. Servants, in general (and particularly of the *female* sort), possess such an unfortunate inclination to loquacity, that many a family secret is divulged, at the expence of much subsequent mortification and disgrace. In the present instance, old fat cooky, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the inquisitive beggar, and place her master in the most favourable light, entered into a minute detail of every circumstance connected with his honours, virtues, and wealth; and how that her poor dear husband, and her brother Joseph, were entrusted with the care and protection of Montalbon Castle. The artful Hochfeld lost not a word of her discourse; a new plan of operation immediately opened to his view; and having satisfied his hunger, he returned to his companions, exulting in the promised success of his intended enterprize.

A few hours after this event, when the family at the villa were retiring to rest, they were surprised by the sound of distress at the door. It was the poor lame beggar; he had lost his way, and solicited a lodging most piteously. "Let him in, by all means," said Sir Edward. The gate was instantly

opened, and in rushed Hochfeld and his gang, who with the most deliberate coolness proceeded to the work of blood; and in a few minutes, *all*—all, except the distracted Leonora, were hurried into an awful eternity. The barbarians, heedless of their own infamy, and of Leonora's frenzy, regaled themselves with plenteous draughts of wine, and then returned to business. After a short consultation, one of the wretches was ordered to convey Leonora to the cavern, which, from her then almost state of insensibility, was no difficult task, while the others employed themselves in plundering the villa. Gracious providence! shall such atrocious villainy escape thy immediate retribution? where sleeps the thunder of thy vengeance? Short sighted mortals that we are! thy ways are wonderful, thy paths unsearchable! Yet the period *will* come, when our understandings, divested of the weakness of mortality, shall perceive thy wisdom, and adore thy goodness.

The wretch, to whom Leonora was entrusted, having arrived at the cavern, placed his inanimate burthen on the ground; she appeared so far past all recovery, that the robber, instead of endeavouring to revive her, stretched himself on a mattrass, and fell into a sound sleep. Contrary to his expectations, however, Leonora soon regained her senses, and after examining the horrors of her situation, she summoned all her fortitude to her relief, resolving to escape or perish. A lamp was placed by the side of the sleeping robber; she silently approached, and taking it up, proceeded to the entrance of the cavern. There, to her mortification, she found her progress impeded by a small door, secured by a massy padlock. Returning again to the mattrass, she saw the key suspended from the robber's girdle; but before she attempted to disengage it, seeing his dagger on the floor, she heroically seized it. Alas! alas! it was still reeking with blood! with the blood, possibly, of her father! An involuntary shriek escaped her lips,—the robber started up, and Leonora (as if her arm had been guided by Heaven) plunged the fatal weapon into his heart. She immediately took the key, and effected her escape. The night was now far spent, and through the branches of the eastern trees appeared the first faint dawn of morning. Having hurried on for several hours through an intricate path, she at last extricated herself from the forest, and arrived faint and breathless at the door of a cottage. The poor inhabitants received her with great compassion; and under their protection must we leave her, while we return to the robbers.

Having stripped the house of all its portable valuables, Hochfeld dressed himself in a suit of Sir Edward's, and his companions decorated themselves in his livery. They then took three of his best horses, and returned to the forest. The death of their friend, and Leonora's disappearance, greatly alarmed

them, and fearing the enemy might be still lying in ambush, they re-mounted their horses, and rode off. Convinced that this dreadful outrage would excite a general indignation, and redouble the activity of the soldiers and police, they hastened to the nearest sea-port, and embarked for England: where, assuming the name of Rhinaldo, he made his appearance before the gates of Montalbon Castle. The old domestics, seeing him accompanied by servants in Sir Edward's livery, did not hesitate to admit them: upon which Rhinaldo confined the deluded old creatures in one of the towers of the castle, and commenced the infamous career of which I have spoken in my history of Rosa and Martin. But my paper draws to a conclusion, and I must be brief: Leonora, after recovering from a severe indisposition, occasioned by her alarm, resolved to return to England, and the old La Roche (who constantly attended her during her illness) allowed his son to accompany her as an escort.

They reached London in safety, and shortly after discovered the circumstances that had occurred at the castle, in consequence of which several troops of horse were dispatched to secure the murderers, and their infamous leader unexpectedly fell beneath my hand. The others are since executed, and it is generally expected that young La Roche will lead the lovely Leonora to the shrine of Hymen!

Dear, charming Annabella, adieu!

X.

THE TWO APOTHECARIES.

ABOUT the year 1712, there lived in a country town, near Canterbury, a private gentleman, named Turner. He had an only son, who, having attained the age of fifteen, was very desirous of qualifying himself to follow the professions of apothecary and surgeon. Accordingly his father had him bound apprentice for seven years to an eminent surgeon of the same place, whose name was Steevens. The young man was so attentive to his business that before he was out of his time, he was universally allowed to be as great a proficient in medical and surgical matters as his master.

His apprenticeship being concluded, the friends and acquaintance of young Mr. Turner came to make merry and spend the evening with him, as was at that time customary, and among the rest his father, who entering into conversation with Mr. Steevens relative to his son's capacity and inclination for his profession, at last thus addressed him:—

"Sir, I should grieve to find any thing left undone that might prevent or lessen his perfect qualification in his art."

The apothecary replied, " Sir, I believe him to be as capable in it as myself, barring that he cannot have had so much experience. I have neglected no part of his instruction, and have communicated all I know, except one single point, which is a secret I discovered myself, and having experienced its truth and its value, I am not willing to impart it to any one without an adequate compensation."

Mr. Turner was unwilling his son should be deficient in any point which might be wanting to complete him for his profession, and therefore demanded the price of his secret. " Sir," answered Mr. Steevens, " if your son makes a proper use of it, it may bring in thou-ands. I look upon it as infallible, and to a man of prudence, and in great practice, it may be invaluable; but as your son has served his time with me, and has behaved well and attended diligently to his business, I will make him master of this useful and excellent nostrum for thirty guineas." After a little consideration, and debating the matter with his son, Mr. Steevens agreed to take twenty guineas, which were paid immediately, and he gave in return a slip of paper on which seven words were written, being the recipe of his great and precious nostrum.

The old gentleman, after reading the recipe, burst out into a violent passion, saying he had been defrauded, and had parted with his money without an equivalent compensation, and that he would appeal to the laws for redress. The surgeon being in possession of the money remained quiet, and permitted him to vent his rage at leisure; when this had somewhat subsided he said calmly to Mr. Turner, " Why, Sir, although you now make so slight of this secret because you know it, yet, insignificant as it may seem to you, it has put many hundred pounds into my pocket, and if your son will always bear it in mind, and make a proper use of it, he may turn it to as good an account as I have done."

Still this did not satisfy old Mr. Turner; at length his son interposed, and said to his father, " Do not, Sir, make yourself uneasy about the purchase of this seeming trifle; my master has treated me kindly and honourably during the whole time of my apprenticeship, and I have no reason to suppose he wishes to impose on either of us. You, Sir, do not understand our business; there are secrets in all trades, and I have no doubt but I shall, as Mr. Steevens says, profit greatly by this valuable arcanum, so that I beg you will be contented, and leave the rest to me; I shall take care the money shall not be thrown away."

By this interposition of the son, his father became at last easy, and when the company broke up took him home.

A few days after he wanted his son to set up in business for himself immediately, in opposition to his old master, whom he

still

still considered as having cheated him. The young gentleman, however, had a mind to travel, and endeavoured to convince his father how necessary it was to go to Paris for further experience in the practice of surgery, and that in that city surgeons had the opportunities of perfecting themselves in their profession. At length the old gentleman, however reluctantly, gave his consent, and his son set out for Paris.

After his arrival there he attended the hospitals during a year, and then continued his travels through Italy and Germany. After having thus employed seven or eight years, and being greatly improved in his person, learning, and professional skill in both physic and surgery, he returned to England, with a resolution to travel all over it in the character of a mountebank doctor, which profession was at that time in great esteem both in Germany and in Italy.

This he accordingly began to do with great success and applause, and having completed his tour in about a year, he at last contrived to arrive at the little town where he had served his time. His long absence had made such an alteration in his person and features that he was under no apprehension of being known, so that assuming the name of the baron de Retourgnac, and announcing himself as a famous foreign physician, on his travels throughout Europe, he advertised that he purposed remaining some time in Canterbury, and its vicinity. Accordingly he began by making a figure with his carriage and servants, and in a short time acquired great reputation as well as emolument from a number of cures which he performed.

It so happened that one day whilst he was mounted on his stage in this town, attended by his servants, who dealt out his medicines to the numerous purchasers, his old master, Steevens, approached as near as he could, in order to hear this learned doctor harangue.

As soon as the doctor saw him he knew him, and a pleasant fancy that moment striking him, he began to address the attentive spectators as follows :—

" Ladies and gentlemen, it is notorious that the medical practitioners and professors in this country almost entirely neglect the study of those sciences which do not immediately relate to physic; so that they remain unacquainted with many curious facts and observations which tend to elucidate numberless cases in their professional line. These observations are generally known to the most celebrated physicians on the continent, and are of the utmost consequence to thousands of people, who are afflicted with grievous disorders and maladies. When I was at Rome I learnt of a very eminent Italian professor, a certain arcanum, nostrum, or secret, which for real use and value can scarcely be paralleled in the known world, and

which I have often experienced without ever having been deceived; it is an art of such a nature that millions of gold are not to be compared to its intrinsic value, and which I am bold to say no one besides myself this day in England has the least knowledge or conception of.

"You may observe, ladies and gentlemen, that it is a maxim among the learned, that unless the texture or combination of parts of the blood be already formed into a particular state, which is vulgarly called a vitious habit of body, it is incapable of contracting or receiving certain malignancies which affect and distemper it, and which malignancies will prevail in a greater or less degree, and become more or less virulent according to its vitiated state, all which I grant to be true. But I have now further to observe, that as the face is a palpable index to the mind, wherein we may read tokens of the inward passions, so there are likewise certain signs to be observed in the face only, wherein we may perceive many prognostics and symptoms of various approaching diseases, which are then breeding and engendering in the blood; and which by thus being discovered, if they are skilfully attacked in time, that is, before they get to the height and gain the master, may by proper methods be easily removed; and if they are not so found out and treated, they may, and often do, occasion the certain death of the patient. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the art and mystery which I studied; and if I can discover among the vast concourse of people who now surround me, any such person whose present necessity requires my assistance, and by whom I may prove the truth of what I have been advancing, I will instantly point him out publicly before you all."

So, having spent some time in surveying the throng, and affecting a very grave and penetrating look, he at last pitched upon his old master, and pointing to him,—"There," said he, "is a gentleman who, I am certain, without my assistance, in ten days time will be no longer living; and no other person in this kingdom except myself can possibly administer any thing that will cure him. And so well do I know the nature and cause of the distemper which is now invading his animal fluids, that I would have you, gentlemen, particularly notice, that I assure you, at seven or eight o'clock this evening he will be first seized with a lowness of spirits, restless all night, to-morrow he loses his appetite, then a fever will succeed, after which it will fall upon his nerves, and in a short time it will carry him off.

"Thus, Sir, be pleased to remember," continued he, addressing himself to the apothecary, "that I have told you the different stages and changes of this your new disorder; and seek the best advice and assistance you may, you will find all I have advanced exactly true."

Here

Here the people were all amazed at this strange prognostication of the foreign mountebank about their own town doctor, and were impatient for its issue. The learned orator having finished all he intended to say on that subject, immediately proceeded in his harangue on other matters.

The poor apothecary could think of nothing but what the stranger had prophesied concerning his approaching illness. He went home directly, and related to his wife all he had heard. And some little time after, the good woman perceiving her husband pausing, melancholy, and apparently concerned at it, could not help sympathizing a little with him, saying—"My dear, I am sorry to see you so grave; I hope you do not feel the disease coming upon you already; I should think you are the best judge whether the doctor could perceive any symptoms of illness in you; but if I might advise you, you should for prevention and security take something which you may think serviceable directly." "Aye," replied the husband, "but he also told me that nobody but himself could tell what to give me that would do me any good, and therefore if I find myself attacked according to his prediction, it will be in vain for me to attempt any remedy from my own presumption, or from any person but from him."

From this moment he began to be very uneasy in mind, and consequently his disorder commenced; and as about seven or eight o'clock was the time the doctor had fixed for his lowness of spirits to begin, he was very impatient to see what alteration would appear at that time; when it came he could not avoid fancying himself worse and worse every moment; and very soon after he was so extremely ill that he could not sit up any longer, so that to bed he went; and his distemper encreasing the next day, as doctor de Retourgnac had foretold, his appetite was totally lost, and the noise of his illness spread over the whole town, to the great credit and honour of the mountebank baron. And although Mr. Steevens was very unwilling to send for him, fearing it might tend to lessen his own reputation in future, yet he was persuaded that all the medicines in the world, without his assistance, would be unavailing.

So that on the next day, a fever ensuing (which was inevitable with a man of such notions), by the advice of his wife and some friends, he at last sent for doctor de Retourgnac; who, being come, took no notice of ever having seen his patient before, felt his pulse, asked such questions as he thought proper, told that his disease was of a very dangerous nature, that he had not found any physician in England who knew how to manage it properly, but that still he had hopes of being able to recover him in a few days as he had been called in time; that if he cured him he would have forty guineas for his medicines

and

and attendance; and that if he did not succeed he was willing to forfeit a thousand.

To these terms the apothecary gladly consented, and the doctor went home to prepare something to relieve him; we may suppose any simple thing would do, for the cure was to be effected not by the medicine but by the physician.

From this moment he began to mend apace, so that, in short, the cure was perfected in four or five days and the doctor not only received his stipulated reward, but was extolled in an extraordinary manner.

After Mr. Steevens was quite well again, he was very anxious to know by what rule or method an approaching distemper could be found out, and how the cure was to be worked. He thought if he could by any means obtain this secret, he should be happy, and then be able to vie with any of his professional competitors in England. So after he had made a proposal to the doctor for the purchase of this secret, and had taken a great deal of pains about it, he at last agreed with him to be taught this occult science for a hundred guineas. And when, to his great joy, the bargain was struck, and the money paid, the mountebank baron gave him a paper neatly folded and sealed, which, as he said, contained the whole art and mystery.

The apothecary, with great impatience, broke the seal, and to his great surprise found the paper contained nothing but the identical nostrum in his own hand-writing, which he had formerly sold to Mr. Turner, being only—

CONCEIT CAN KILL, AND CONCEIT CAN CURE.

He remained some time as if stunned, 'till the doctor burst into a fit of laughing, and discovering himself, asked him whether he did not approve of the secret? The apothecary was obliged to be satisfied, finding that by his own documents he had been diseased and restored. And monsieur le baron de Retourgnac, now Dr. Turner, by following his master's advice when his father purchased the secret, not only recovered the principal, but four times as much in addition, besides his fee, and had the pleasure of returning the compliment to his old master, by properly trying this most excellent nostrum, and experimentally proving it to be infallible.

EARWIG.

THE gentleman who requests some correspondent will give the natural history of the earwig through the medium of the Weekly Entertainer, may not, perhaps, be aware that although the *forficula auricularia* is one of the most common species

species of the Linnean class of *coleopterous* insects, its natural history does not appear to be completely elucidated.

Like the *staphylinus*, and many other genera of this class, the *pupa* or imperfect state differs very little from the perfect animal. The female deposites her eggs in the earth, and when the young are first excluded they are of a pale colour, and do not possess their wings 'till they arrive at their full growth; in this they principally differ from the perfect insect.

The wings are large, and most curiously folded under the abbreviated *elytra*, which in appearance are like two small scales, seemingly incapable of concealing those members of flight: the extreme delicacy and exquisite mechanism of these have long been esteemed a beautiful microscopic object, and may be seen delineated in several publications, especially in plate 14, of Adams's Microscope, by Kanmaeker.

The earwig abounds most in dry chalky situations, and collect under any substance above ground that conceals and shelters them from wet. Florists have considered them injurious to flowers, especially carnations; for which reason flower-pots have been surrounded by water, not conceiving they could fly; and have been astonished to find them collected in the bowl of a tobacco-pipe inverted upon the top of the flower-stick; probably, however, few comparatively ascend the flower-stalk when the plant is surrounded by water, as they rarely use their wings but at night, and then only in their most perfect state, in search of the different sex; from the pupa therefore isolated flowers are secure.

With respect to the terror which the name conveys, from a supposition that this insect enters the head through the auricular aperture, it must be considered highly absurd by every reflecting mind, as totally impossible; but like any other insect which might creep into the ear for security, it creates an extremely distressing sensation, by scrambling against the tympanum or drum of the ear, which, together with fright, has occasioned dreadful alarm, and almost temporary insanity has ensued; a few drops of oil poured into the ear effectually, and almost instantaneously, performs a cure, as most insects are speedily deprived of respiration in oil, and die in a few seconds.

The terror this insect inspires is partly occasioned by its posterior forceps, but this is too feeble to injure; however it is undoubtedly of use to the animal in defending itself against some of its insect enemies.

Of eleven species of forficula enumerated by *Gmelin*, two only are known to be indigenous to this country, the *auricularia*, and *minor*, the last of which differs in having

only ten articulations to the *antennæ*, the former having fourteen.*

The forficula have many enemies, of which birds are the most formidable; but they are not free from the attack of those, whose nature it is to prey upon the viscera of other animals; I have observed a species of *ascaris* three inches long, partly projecting from the side of the common earwig, which still had some remains of life.

If the gentleman who requires the natural history of this insect has any particular object in view, and will state them, possibly some further information may be conveyed through the same channel.

Kingsbridge, November 11. J. G.

* Two new species have been added by Mr. Marsham in his Entomologia Britannica by name of *neglecta* and *media*.

CANALS.

M. BELTANCOURT, chief engineer to the king of Spain, has communicated to the French institute a new invention, which will render the construction of canals infinitely more easy than it was, by suppressing all expence of useless water. M. A. Pictet, tribune, who has mentioned it in the report made to the legislative body on the project of a law relative to the imposts for the construction of inland communications, has given the following idea of it: Each sluice, instead of one lock has two, contiguous to each other, and which communicate below. One is intended to raise and lower vessels as by the usual method; but the vertical motion of the liquid which bears them, is produced by the immersion or emersion of a chest in the contiguous lock. The bulk of this chest is equal to the volume of water to be displaced, and it is so accurately and ingeniously balanced, that one single person is sufficient to perform the manœuvres necessary for raising or lowering the largest barge. Thus, in future, the supply of water, which was one of the principal difficulties in the construction of canals, will be confined to the quantity requisite to make good the loss by infiltration and evaporation.

REFLECTION.

THE continual sun-shine of the mind is only to be obtained by the regular discharge of every day's duty. The man who acts thus will sleep contentedly, let his station be ever so humble.

An ANECDOTE.

WHEN Aristotle, through fear of its tribunal, left Athens, he replied to a person who asked him, what kind of a city it was, "A very beautiful one; there," he added, alluding to the sycophants and false accusers, pear-tree after pear-tree, and fig-tree after fig-tree, flourishes, decays, and dies." To the enquiry, why he left Athens, he answered, "Because he was very unwilling that the Athenians should offend twice against philosophy:" glancing at the death of Socrates, and at his own danger.

These great men, like many other eminent persons, had the misfortune to live in an age and country that did not duly estimate their distinguished merit.

CONSEQUENCES *of a* PUN.

LAGNY, a town to the east of Paris, may be said to be famous for a mortal pun. The monks and inhabitants being in a state of sedition, James Montgomery, the lord of Lorges, was ordered, in 1544, to reduce them to obedience. The people of Lagny defended themselves with fury; and punning on the name of *Lorges*, which in French signifies barley, threw sacks of that grain from the walls, as food for Montgomery and his troops. This insult so enraged the besiegers, that the town being taken by storm, all the men were put to the sword, and the women abandoned to the brutality of the soldiers, which however soon repaired the defect of inhabitants. But the memory of this genealogy is far from being agreeable; and any allusion to it occasions deadly wrath among the descendants. If any thoughtless or uninformed stranger were simply to say, "What is the price of barley?" the consequences would be terrible. He would be instantly seized, and would perhaps not escape drowning in a fountain which is in the middle of the town. In 1766, the niece of a neighbouring curate, at the instigation of some malicious person, asked the fatal question; and was with difficulty rescued by the curate of the place from the enraged populace.

To check this infatuation, decrees of the police have been issued, at different times, and registered in the parliament of Paris, in 1785, declaring a fine of thirty livres against the person who shall at Lagny ask, "What is the price of barley?" and the same fine against any person of Lagny who shall use violence on account of this unfortunate question. Barley is, however, sold at Lagny; but the seller must merely open the sack, and the price is concluded without mention of the grain.

Answer, by J. B. of Barnstaple, to W. D.'s Charade, inserted September 21.

STILL may our God, with mighty hand,
From MASSACRE defend our land!

*** Similar answers have been also received from J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. V. near Helston; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. Cave, of Pitney; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; R. M. Giffard, of Castle Cary academy; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; G. P O. of Beer; J. Hobbs, of Boatshead Mills; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. Lewis, and Hester Easter, of Poole; J. Ryan, of Stonehouse; T. Coumbe, Corporal Colley, and Soho, of St. German's; W. W. M. of Plymouth Dock; H. Ellis, and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; H. Lucas, of Lyme; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and J. Fairweather, of Plymouth.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, Tiverton, to J. Joyce's Charade, inserted September 21.

YE fair, who daily spend your time,
In various arts of dress to shine,
Go learn how swift the moments glide,
And lay the LOOKING-GLASS aside.

*** A similar answer has been received from H. Ellis, and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; J. V. near Helston; a serjeant of the Broadhembury volunteers; J. Hobbs, of Boatshead Mills; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; John Ryan, of Stonehouse; Hester Easter, and J Lewis, of Poole; G. A. F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; W. W. M. of Plymouth Dock; W. D. of Bristol; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; W. D. Champion, and R. Trood, of Bridgewater; and Corporal Colley, Soho, and T. Coumbe, of St. German's.

An ANAGRAM, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

A Turkish name transpose aright;
A pleasant look is brought to sight;
Again, ye gents transpose the same;
You'll find an English Christian name;
Transpose again, in order true,
A kind of mud you'll bring to view;
Again transpose, you will expound,
The trees in yonder pleasure ground;
One letter add, again transpose,
A parable you will disclose.

A REBUS, *by W. D. of Bristol.*

MY first disclose, which swiftly flows,
And fattens fruitful plains;
A pronoun name, ye wits of fame,
As that my next explains.

A city, gents. you'll thirdly say,
Upon the Hungarian shore;
The goddess of revenge display,
For she'll my last explore.

If you're inclin'd, my whole to find,
Pomona's treasure view,
For there I ween 'tis plainly seen,
Clad in a pleasing hue.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

SILENT maid, of pensive mien,
Tell me where thou deign'st to reign?
Is it midst a myrtle grove,
On fancy's fairy wings t' rove?
Or beneath the poplar shade?
Or adown the watry glade?
Where a silver current flows,
Purer far than Alpine snows,
Where the shepherd tunes his reed,
Where the sportive lambkins feed,
Where fair Ceres sweets inhale,
Bending lowly to the gale?

Dost thou love to lay thine head
On the vil'et's od'rous bed?
Or thy prying eyes repose
On the beauties of the rose?

Dost thou stretch thy pinions wide,
As o'er flying ocean's tide,
T' mark where ice-clad Ophir soars,
Where the Niagara roars?
Where the sparkling, glitt'ring mines,
With Peruvian diamonds shine?
Where the war-song's wildest notes
On the passing zephyr floats?
Where the rapid rein-deir flies
Over hills which kiss the skies?
Where on Greenland's frozen shores
Æolus his vengeance pours?
Where on ocean's foaming bed
Icy mountains rear the head?
Where outstretch'd on wings of pride
Ganges rolls its heavy tide?
Where Arabia weeps perfumes?
Where Italia's vintage blooms?
Where, surrounded by the deep,
Sicilia's queen in ruin sleeps?
Where the soul with dread admires
Etna's fierce and fluid fires?

Dost thou, when the flaming day,
Hath yielded unto "sober grey",
"When the ev'ning shades prevail,
And the moon takes up her tale,
Dost thou hear her silent voice?
Dost thou see the stars rejoice?"
Or when high on ariel wing
Th' tow'ring lark ascends to sing,
Dost thou join her grateful lay,
And hail th' rising god of day?
Dost thou tread the rocky shore?
Dost thou mark the billows roar?

Dost

Dost thou form the embryo flow'r?
Dost thou rear the stately bow'r?
Dost thou love ambrosial spring
As she flies on fragrant wing?
Dost thou feel her sighing gale
Gently breathing thro' the vale?
Yellow summer's verdant reign,
And her fields of golden grain?
Autumn, mildest, fairest queen,
Tranquil, lovely, and serene,
Drooping low her heavy head,
With the nect'rine's juices fed?
Dost thou hear the thunders crash,
View the lightnings fiercest flash?
Mark drear winter's low'ring skies,
And mount the tempest as it flies?

Dost thou view the weary dove
O'er a drown'd creation rove?
Dost thou, struck with wild amaze,
Mark Gomorrah's tow'ring blaze,
See the plains of verdure curst,
Sodom mingled with the dust?
Yes—but why the tear I see,
Britain is it shed for thee?

Fair possessor of the shade!
Silent, pensive, musing maid?
Bear me on thy soaring wing,
Where the source of all things springs,
Lift me from this earthly clod,
To love and praise creation's God.

Camborne. J. B.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The Mother's Apostrophe to her Infant.

SWEET infant-bud, thy leaves display,
On the soft breast of golden May!
Magnificently blow, and be
The glory of thy parent tree!

In the fair blossom may we find
Fragrance and loveliness combin'd;
In the fair fruit a rich repast,
With heart felt pleasure may we taste!

From such a blossom we inhale
Such sweets as float on Eden's gale
When it has kiss'd th' ethereal rose;
Oh such an one, my charmer! be,
And I shall then consider thee
The sweetest flow'r that blows.

Trent. B. A.

Lines addressed to a Lady who regretted seeing her Friend weep.

FRIEND, pity not the glistening tears
That fill compassion's eye;
The softest form that sorrow wears
Are tears of sympathy.